

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

Volume 14

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Number 26



MAY WE *Quote* YOU ON THAT?

Failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference was no surprise—but it is a grave disappointment. Democracies have no alternative but to press for maintenance of their ideology in western Europe. This final frustration will tend to solidify U S foreign policy. In terms of practical politics, it probably means that HARRY TRUMAN has strengthened his chances for getting an extension of his lease on the Pennsylvania Ave property he has been occupying.

Really significant moves against Communism won't be heralded in public prints. They consist of little-noted moves to stabilize currencies. Unless and until this is done, no amt of Marshall Plan aid can be enduringly effective. People of Western Europe neither understand nor want Communism, but revolt against intolerable economic conditions. (Basic tenet of French strike was demand for wage review each 3 mo's, to offset creeping currency devaluation.) U S has established new firm currency in its German zone. Italy has experimentally frozen the lira. Other drastic steps must follow. When Europe solves currency problem, it shall have gone long way toward banishing Communism. All Communists, from MARX to STALIN, have viewed instable currency as 1st step toward successful conquest.

C M WHITE, pres, Republic Steel: "Steel is no monopoly. Any-one to whom the business looks attractive is perfectly free to enter it at any time. All he needs is assured sources of ore and coal, a good supply of nerve and \$200 million." 1-Q

Dr E U CONDON, director of Nat'l Bureau of Standards: (As a result of scientific discoveries about the atom and its nucleus) "the problem of curing fatal diseases will be successfully attacked . . . new products, with unusual properties, will be possible; and even new forms of plant life can be created." 2-Q

DIEGO LUIS MOLINARI, Argentine delegate to UN: "The whole world is living under a \$ sign." 3-Q

HENRY H LIN, Pres, Univ of Shanghai: "Hunger is driving many of our Chinese students to Communism out of sheer desperation. Hunger is making many of them lose their sense of decency." 4-Q

Sen OLIN JOHNSTON, of S C: "I wouldn't hesitate 1 min to go ahead to make a separate treaty without Russia. I prefer joint action, but I believe Great Britain and the U S must act if Russia won't." 5-Q

Mrs ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, asserting U S is displaying tendency to "turn to certain repressive measures which would not be necessary if we were completely confident in our ability to make our democracy work": "It is a fact that we do not

at present concentrate our forces on the positive development of our democracy nor assert our confidence in its ability to meet every situation." 6-Q

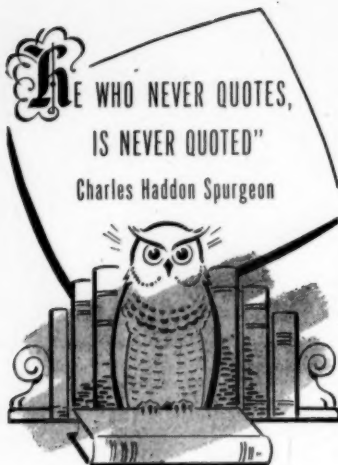
Dean FRANK LUTHER MOTT, Univ of Missouri School of Journalism, advocating "free access to the news for all peoples" and "a world-wide campaign of education in democratic ideas and practices": "For the atom bomb, let us substitute the information bomb, the I-bomb for the A-bomb." 7-Q

Maj Gen'l CLIFFORD B CATES, U S Marine Corps: "If there is another war both sides will lose—there will be no winner." 8-Q

Rep DONALD L JACKSON, of Calif: "Cold war is not descriptive of the relations between the U S and Russia—it is about as hot as you can get without pulling the trigger." 9-Q

EDWIN D CANHAM, editor, *Christian Science Monitor*: "The grave danger of our time is the acceptance by mankind of the fatalistic suggestion war is inevitable." 10-Q





ACTION—1

It would be a good thing if people began to think again and act again on a community level. There has been altogether too much global thinking. Everybody is worried about the vast Negro problem in the U S, but nobody wants to do very much about a Negro employe or encourage a Negro neighbor. It is easy to be a long-distance liberal; it is much harder to practice liberalism. — *American Mercury*.

ADVICE—2

Altho he wasn't a drinking man himself, this fellow spent much of his time in a Paducah tavern passing out advice. For some wks he'd noticed that one old gentleman always entered the tavern for a double shot of giggle juice in the morning and again in the afternoon.

Finally, he could stand it no longer. "How long have you been drinking like this, my good man?" he asked, sliding down the brass rail next to his target.

"Oh, 35 yrs, I guess."

"Tsk, tsk," clucked the busybody. "Do you realize how much you've spent on strong drink in that time?" He brought out pencil and paper and did a bit of rapid arithmeticking.

"Why, if you'd saved that money," he revealed in a dramatically-shocked voice, "by now you could own every bldg on that side of the st!"

"You don't drink, do you?" the old gent asked.

"My, no!" the busybody ans'd. "Do you own those bldgs?" the old man shot back.

"Well, no."

The old gent ret'd to his drink, then lifted his eyes and nailed busybody to the floor with: "I do!" — *Louisville Courier-Jnl Magazine*.

ATOMIC ENERGY—3

Less than 15 lbs of atomic fuel, no more than a small child could carry in a basket, will produce enough energy to meet all the demands of the U S for 1 yr, with a comfortable excess in reserve. One boxcar of atomic fuel will produce enough energy to heat every bldg, illuminate every electric bulb, and operate every machine in the entire world for 1,000 yrs.—ROB'T HUTCHINS, "The Bomb Secret Is Out!" *American*, 12-'47.

CHILDREN—Guidance—4

It's better to be a poor gardener than a poor parent; you can throw out spoiled vegetables, but spoiled children you have to keep.—MUNNY SMITH, *Woman's Home Companion*.

CIVILIZATION—5

A typical modern state, cumbered with its heavy armament but well-nigh bereft of other values, reminds one of nothing so much as a naked savage, lugging around his javelin and poisoned arrows. States today seem nearer to the stage of barbarism than do many individuals.—TOYOHICO KAGAWA, "We Have Abandoned War," *Christian Century*, 12-3-'47.

DEMOCRACY—6

Democracy must be a growth, not an imposition.—*NEA Jnl*.

DISCRIMINATION—7

Richard Wright, author of *Native Son* and *Black Boy*, altho one of America's finest writers, is, nevertheless, happier in France than in this country. In France he is at peace, and why he is not at peace in this country, we all know too well. When he finally went to France to live, he was met at the boat by a white gentleman formally dressed in a cutaway coat, who bowed to him and said: "Mr Wright, I am from the American Embassy. Is there anything we can do for you? The Embassy car is outside and will take you wherever you wish to go." Mr Wright swallowed, stared, and after a sec-

ond managed to say, "What Embassy do you say you're from?" — BERNADINE KIELTY, *Book-of-the-Mo Club News*.

DRINK—Drinking—8

Under Burmese law, it is said that a wife may become head of the household if the husband drinks too freely. — *Richmond-Times Dispatch*.

EDUCATION—Future—9

At present children in the nursery play with electronics, and high school boys are well up on nuclear fission. It is the language of imagination that stands in need of revival. The poet and the teacher of literature have work to do not less exacting and important than that of engineers and scientists. It would be ironic if we attained unlimited power over nature without the maturity of mind to know what to make of it. — GEO F WHICHER, "For a Revival of Imagination," *American Scholar*, Autumn, '47.

They DO Say . . .

At this happy season when holiday spirits are commonly associated with the Holiday Spirit, it may be interesting to take a quick look at the Wet & Dry issue. For 1st time since repeal anti-prohibition forces can point to territorial gains. (They credit support of ret'g servicemen.) But, paradoxically, gov't figures on "apparent consumption" of strong drink indicate drop of about a third from last yr's peak . . . Urban residents of U S may be surprised to learn, from *Wall St Jnl* survey, that domestic animals in U S now outnumber human habitants by some 67 million . . . 'Rah-for-Romance note: Despite austerity program, Britain this holiday season is permitting import of moderate quantity of mistletoe from France.

ENUNCIATION—10

What a prolific family the Mimbfgms must be: one is introduced to so many of them at parties. — BILL VAUGHAN, *Kansas City Star*.

EXPERIENCE—11

The difficulty between parents and children is that too often the fruits of experience cannot be

handed down until they are over-ripe.—MARCELENE COX, *Ladies' Home Jnl.*

FUTURE—Choice—12

From a letter by U S Sen John Sharp Williams, April, 1918:

It is given to every man either to eat his cake or to keep his cake, but it is given to no man to do both. A country can choose to be a great military power, and to remain in peace times constantly upon a military footing, subtracting from education and religion and progress all along the line the cost of it; or it can choose to be a great democracy of hope and peace and progress, and knowing well beforehand that if it chooses to be this latter, it must muddle and suffer infinitely in men and money when war is forced upon it. Each nation can choose one of these things. Nobody can choose both. — *Good Housekeeping.*

HEALTH—13

A rural teacher ended a discussion of proper nutrition by saying earnestly to the children of the dairying community, "And now, boys and girls, will each of you please try to drink at least a qt of milk every day?"

There followed a shocked silence which was finally broken by the oldest boy. "Why, teacher," he said reprovingly, "we ain't hardly got enough milk for the hogs!"—HAROLD BENJAMIN, "Teachers Make the Schools," *Survey Graphic*, 11-47.

HUMAN NATURE—14

Some persons will believe anything if it is whispered to them.—*Construction Digest.*

JUSTICE—Cost—15

Frank Edwards, radio commentator, regarding argument occasionally given that criminals are not jailed due to high cost to public, "I would rather buy chicken dinners for my enemies than flowers for their victims."

MATRIMONY—16

No other coeducational institution is as attractive as matrimony. —LOUISE ERICKSON, *Milwaukee Jnl.*

Time Marches On

For 365 days 1947 has been going—and it will soon be gone, numbered with the past. But it will not be done when it is done. What we wrote on the pages of this vol stands and will remain a witness for or against us. We can't tear off Dec from the calendar, or throw the old calendar away, and feel that we are done with it forever. We can let the dead past bury its dead, but the graves are there. The only thing that can be said about the past is that it is irrevocable. The best we can do is to rise as it were on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things. Let us ring out the false, the grief, the care, the sin, of the Old Yr, and start the New Yr with larger heart and kindlier hand and a deeper love of truth and right, and a nobler mode of life. Improve where improvement is needed.—WM FORNEY HOVIS, *Sentinel.* 17

OPINION—Changeable—18

"Everyone likes me," said the man.

"That is Popularity," whispered the little star.

"Everyone liked me and envies me," said the man a yr later.

"That is Fame," whispered the little star.

"Everyone despises me," said the man, a yr later still.

"That is Time," whispered the star.—GEO JEAN NATHAN, *The Book Without a Title.*

PATRIOTISM—19

When you call me red—add white and blue. — DON IDON, *London Daily Mail.*

PEACE—Preparedness—20

Theo Roosevelt had a gift for pithy sayings. Speaking of danger

— from another danger, from a man, from anything — he said: "Walk softly, but carry a big stick." No better advice has ever been given. Summed up in it is all the psychology, all the intelligent alertness, and all the desire of the sensible man to keep the peace and yet maintain his rights. — STRUTHERS BURR, "Walk Softly, But Carry a Big Stick," *Philadelphia Inquirer, Book Section*, 12-7-47.

POVERTY—21

In Hollywood there is a very exclusive Hebrew school attended by the children of movie stars, producers and directors. One day their teacher discussed with them the religious significance of charity among the Jewish people. She then asked her pupils to write a composition on the subject. One little girl started her literary piece as follows: "Once there was a poor little girl. Her father was poor, her mother was poor, her governess was poor, her chauffeur was poor, her butler was poor. In fact everybody in the house was very, very poor."—*American Hebrew.*

PROPAGANDA—Russia vs U S—22

It isn't easy to find out everything the Muscovites are saying about us, but 10 will get you 50 that if you could put the two approaches down in parallel columns the only way you could tell 'em apart would be the reiterated use of the word *Capitalism* in one and *Communism* in the other. — LESLIE ROBERTS, "What Are You Giving for Christmas?" *Montrealer*, 12-47.

RESOLUTIONS—23

A man was asked if he ever kept a diary. "Oh, yes," he said, "I can tell you what I did from the 1st to the 4th of January for the past 5 yrs." How many resolutions are carried out for a few days and then forgotten! The ridicule of resolutions is not because of the making of resolutions, but because of the weakness of human nature in putting them into action. — *United Presbyterian.*

LUCY HITTLE, Editor

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Droke House



CONSTRUCTION: Just announced is a standardized, unit type, arch roof, all aluminum, self-supporting building. The entire floor area of 36x60 feet is available for use, since there are no posts or other obstructions. (*American Lumberman and Bldg Products Merchandiser*)

" "

FURNITURE: Silicone compound which looks like putty but has resilience of rubber has been adapted to an anti-wobbling device for furniture. Small button placed on bottom of legs of chairs or tables is filled with compound. (*Everybody's Wkly*)

" "

INSECTICIDES: Powerful new insecticide known as "Thiophos 3422" is said to be 5 to 25 times as potent as DDT. Does not injure farm products, can be used as spray or for dusting, does not require special equipment or instruction for use. Available for '48 planting season. (*American Cyanamid Co*)

" "

MEDICINE: For asthma victims who also have high blood pressure—condition which has complicated treatment — new drug, called butanebrine, works like charm. Provides relief, relaxing bronchial muscles, yet does not increase blood pressure. (*LAWRENCE N GALTON, Nat'l Home Monthly*)

" "

PLASTICS: New plastic glaze that keeps bread and cake from sticking to pan will save fats, increase cleanliness of bakeries, says Dr R R McGregor, of the Mellon Inst of Industrial Research, Pittsburgh. New glaze, spread on inside of pans to take place of grease is made from oil and sand. Discovery of this and other so-called silicone compounds has opened up new fields of chemistry and engineering. (*Science Digest*)

SPEECH—Speaking—24

Wendell Phillips was the most polished and graceful orator our country ever produced. He spoke as quietly as if he were talking in his own parlor and almost entirely without gestures. He had great power over all kinds of audiences.

One illustration of his power and tact occurred in Boston. The majority of the audience was hostile. They yelled and sang and completely drowned his voice. Phillips made no attempt to address the noisy crowd, but bent over and seemed to be speaking in a low tone to the reporters who were seated near the platform. The curiosity of the audience was excited; they ceased to clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at them and said quietly:

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Thru these pencils I speak to 30 million."

Not a voice was raised again.—*Speakers' Library.*

TEMPERAMENT—25

Temperamental from the top of her graceful head to the tips of her twinkling toes, Anna Pavlova, the incomparable Russian dancer, paused in the midst of her 1st American rehearsal to petulantly complain: "That fountain! It makes too much noise. It distracts me!"

Her mgr rushed backstage, and in a few min's there appeared a company of plumbers who, with a great show of energy, turned off the water and wrenched pipes about and tightened bolts.

Presently the water was turned on again and the mgr approached the great Pavlova and announced placatingly, "I don't think the fountain will trouble you any more now, Madam. There was hard water in the pipes, but we have substituted soft."

Completely satisfied, the great Pavlova resumed her dance.—*Wall St Jnl.*

TRUST—26

A Louisville, Ky woman, very active in church work, had walked over to the edge of the swimming pool to watch the youngsters at play. She was thoroughly enjoying their fun when a 13 yr old boy ran up to her and asked, "Say, lady, do you go to Sunday School?"

"Why, yes, I do," she repl'd, a bit surprised.

"Then," he said, "please hold this 25¢ for me while I go into the pool."—*Christian Advocate.*

TRUTH—27

Argument does not desire the truth; rather it seeks only proof of its particular claims. It is the human mind which puts the gravity spot of prejudice on the vest of truth.

The laboratory is a finder of facts; it cares not for anything else. The eternal cause of truth has been aided more by the test tube and the scientist's notebook than by all the argument, oratory and theses done since the world began.—*Edw Courson, Judy's.*

To Husband & Wife

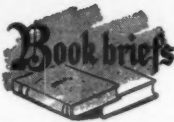
Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good; and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.—*Tom Breneman's Magazine. 28*

WAR—Aftermath—29

During the 5 yrs the Nazis occupied tiny Alderney Island in the English Channel, they so mixed up the furniture of the 1400 evacuated inhabitants that when the people ret'd in '45, the island authorities felt obliged to end confusion by drastic means. The furniture was taken to a large field where, at a given signal, the islanders raced as in a gold rush to claim whatever pieces they could reach 1st. Since then, these once neighborly folks have avoided visiting the homes of one another, fearing they might see some cherished article that they lost in this freak free-for-all. —*FRELING FOSTER, Collier's.*

The Overflow Path



A few yrs ago MARGARET LEE RUNBECK and her husband built a house and when it was finished, they saw that everywhere they looked there was a place for a child. The architect had built a child into the plans. So they had to have Miss Boo. Several small books of the Boo stories came from Miss RUNBECK's pen, but now in *Hope of Earth* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), she has given us a serious chronicle on the growth of a woman's soul and mind. Amoret Phelps was 18 yrs old when she accepted the legacy of God and America, bequeathed to her husband, Stephen, by his father, old Tobias Phelps, in 1837. In the new and struggling Illinois country they tried to rebuild their lost fortune. It was Amoret, not Stephen who was the stronger; it was Amoret who learned to be the Settler and she found peace at last, after 23 yrs, in the knowledge that Stephen had found the truth in his father's bequest.

On the Sunday after some of the neighbors had burned the Phelps' cabin for spite, thinking that they were rich, Joel Adams, the preacher faced his congregation:

The preacher's face was sad and he looked as if he hadn't slept much. It made Opal Larsen, who was Amoret's only real friend, mad to see how he looked. "Preacher's got no call to feel bad about the cussedness of this here town," she said to her husband. "You might say he's the only one that shouldn't have to apologize to God for what people been doin' and thinkin'." He had taken hold of both his lapels with his brown fists and he was looking up thoughtfully, as if he were listening for what God wanted him to say. When you looked at him, you couldn't help loving all the men in the world a little more, even the bad ones that he said weren't really bad at all, but only acted that way . . .

He began to talk gently, he wasn't scolding, he wasn't talking like a preacher in church . . . He was telling about footprints that a man leaves thru his life. All kinds of footprints; some you can see, like his children and his house and things like that; and invisible footprints he leaves across other people's lives, the help he gives them and what he has said . . . A man doesn't think too much about it, Mr Adams said, but everywhere he passes he leaves some kind of mark from himself.

Then he began to tell them about a man who owned a cow. In a town something like this, it was. He thought a lot of his cow, and he kept her staked out a little piece from the house, where she could eat what she wanted of the grass. Everyday when he came home for his dinner . . . seemed like he worked in a blacksmith shop . . .

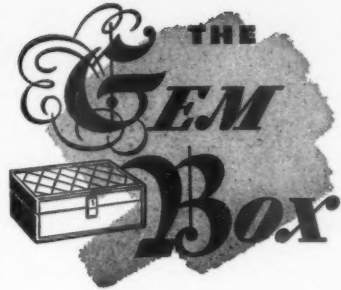
the 1st thing he did was fill a big pail of water from the well and carry it to the cow.

That summer late in August when everything was all dried up and gone, because there hadn't been much rain, somebody asked him how come he ever found the time to keep his path so nice and green. And he looked at it and sure enough all along the path leading from the house to the pasture, there was green grass a-growing, and little flowers blooming. Wherever the man had walked, lugging water to his cow, grass and flowers had sprung up.

The people in the town called it the "overflow" path, and it reminded the whole town of what can happen when somebody goes out of his way to carry kindness. Some of it is bound to spill over, Mr Adams said, and you never know what good things may grow up from the spilling.

"Nobody means to do harm in the world. That I believe," said the preacher, "but sometimes we just don't know what it is we are doing. We're carrying some kind of pail all the time, and somethin' is always spilling over from it . . . and somethin' is growing from the overflow . . . it may be blessing and goodness. Or it might just as well be trouble and suffering."

He stopped then, and they sat there quietly, nobody glancing at his neighbor, not even sideways. Everyone was feeling ashamed for his part in the burning of the Phelps' house, and everyone was looking inside himself and wondering what kind of overflow was spilling from his deeds.



Be It Resolved . . .

Whereas, tradition makes it appropriate that at the coming of a New Yr we review our faults and solemnly pledge an improvement in the yr that begins and . . .

Whereas, in '47, 35% of urban housing and 65% of rural housing, sheltering more than 70% of our people, failed to meet minimum shelter and health standards, and

Whereas, un-American racial and religious prejudice and intolerance still divided our people, weakened our democracy, lowered our moral leadership in world affairs, and . . .

Whereas, skyrocketing prices deprived millions of our fellow citizens of necessities of life, threatened our nat'l economy, and hampered reconstruction and recovery all over the world, and

Whereas, in most communities of our country our public schools were financially starved to a point of crisis and even conservative teachers' federations sponsored strikes, while over 100,000 children were without schooling of any kind, and

Whereas, about 7 million Americans were disabled by illness on each day in '47, and because of poverty and lack of doctors, nurses and hospitals 30% of people with disabling illness were without medical care of any kind, and

Whereas, despite clear warnings of past yrs, we cont'd to allow preventable floods, soil erosion, and forest fires to destroy valuable wealth and resources, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, by us, the American people, that in the yr 1948 we will do, individually and unitedly, all that lies within our power to end or to improve the conditions above described, to strengthen the democracy which is the heart of our way of life, and in all ways to work for an even better America in a peaceful and prosperous world.—*Reader's Scope*.

GOOD STORIES

You Can Use

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Penmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing."—*West Point Pointer*. a

" " During a discussion on social happiness, Lord Houghton produced the reply of the perfect, self-satisfied snob. "Social happiness," said he, "consists of being asked everywhere and going nowhere."—*Hobo News*. b

" " One of those very talkative women buttonholed a fisherman who was minding his own business and said, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? A great big fellow like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching this poor little fish."

"Maybe you're right, lady," said the fisherman, "but if this fish had kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't be here."—*Tracks*, hm, C & O Ry. c

" " Two churches were considering a merger and the mbrs of one of them were called by phone to be advised that the minister was going to discuss the merger at a meeting. At one home a child took the message and yelled upstairs to his mother: "Hey, Ma, you got to go to Church Sunday because the minister's going to tell about the murder." — *Gordon Gammack*, *Des Moines Register*. d

" " One night at the White House, Calvin Coolidge played host to Model T manufacturer Henry Ford. Coolidge, who hated the social side of the Presidency, was complaining of the many receptions it was necessary for him to attend.

"I'll bet I have shaken the hands of one-quarter of the population of this country," he declared.

"And I," laughed Ford, "have shaken the bones of the remaining three-quarters." — *St Louis Post-Dispatch*. e

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

Dr HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Noted minister & author

I was awakened one winter morning about 2 a m by an exceedingly drunk young man banging on my door. "Who are you," I called down, "and what do you want at this hr?"

"Doctor," he repl'd in plaintive tones, "I would like to have you give me an explanation of the difference between Modernism and Fundamentalism."

"Young man," I said shivering, "please go home, sober up, and come again at a more reasonable hr. Then I will be glad to explain the difference."

There was a period of silence, then a soft, almost inarticulate voice, sobbing bitterly: "The trouble is, Doctor, that when I'm sober, I won't give a darn."

The young lady smiled sweetly at the waiting line as she daintily stepped into the phone booth.

"Don't fret. I won't be long. I just want to hang up on him."—*Nat'l Digest*. f

" " Scene: An employment bureau.

"I would like to register for work, please."

"Very good. Can you mow lawns, type, raise chickens, keep books, lay bricks, teach, cook, sell shoes, keep bees, wash windows, saw wood, write, dig ditches, run a comptometer, paint pictures, build bridges, proofread, orate, milk, grow bananas, janitor, run a jackhammer, drive a truck, wax floors, wait tables, wash cars, make paper flowers, plaster, prescribe medicines, pile coal, lay sidewalks, solder metals, manage a store, doctor trees, carry a hod, take care of children, or slaughter steers?"

"Yes."

"Sorry. No openings."—*Santa Fe*, hm, Santa Fe Ry. g

" " He was a little deaf and a Republican. When the minister intro-

duced him to the new Deacon, he said: "New Dealer?"

"No," repl'd the parson, "not New Dealer—new Deacon! He's the son of a Bishop."

The old man shook his head sadly and sighed, "They all are." — *Kroehler News*, hm, Kroehler Mfg Co. h

" " A young magazine editor took a trip to Calif and happened upon Hollywood. He was invited to a party, and decided to put off his usual reserve and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his att'n thruout the evening to a young actress.

"I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He was playing the role to the limit of his capacity when suddenly the young woman broke down and wept.

The editor asked the cause of her distress, and, with tears in her eyes, she said: "I've been here almost a yr now and you're the 1st fellow that's behaved to me like a gentleman."—*Financial Post*. i

" " Two negroes were talking about a recent funeral where there had been a profusion of floral tributes.

Said one: "When I die I don't want no flowers on my grave. Jes' plant a good old watermelon-vine; and when she gits ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jes' bust it on de grave, and let de good old juice dribble down thru the ground."—*Capper's Wkly*. j

" " Dad was not greatly pleased by the school report brought to him by his hopeful. "How is it," he demanded, "that you stand so much lower in your studies for the mo of Jan than for Dec?"

Samuel was equal to the emergency. "Why, Dad," he said in an injured tone, "don't you know that everything is marked down after the holidays?" — *Sunshine Magazine*. k

WISECRACKS

OF THE WEEK



Wife: "Oh John, the woman next door has a hat exactly like my new one."

Hubby: "And I suppose you want me to buy you another?"

Wife: "Well, it would be cheaper than moving."—*News & Views*, hm, Fisher Body Craftsmans' Guild of GM.

" "

Great professors, especially the British ones, aren't the dry, dour souls they are commonly supposed to be. They have senses of humor more vivid and quick than others own. For example, the famed Dr Butler, once Master of Trinity, wrote a note to Sir Rob't Scott. It was addressed:

The Master,
St John's College,
Next door to Trinity College,
Cambridge.

Sir Rob't didn't hesitate a second. He wrote right back, his envelope thus:

The Master,
Trinity College,
Opposite Matthew's the Grocers,
Cambridge. — IRVING HOFFMAN,
Hollywood Reporter.

" "

The witness took the stand to present his version of the robbery. Seated directly in front of him was a court reporter straining to catch his slowly mumbled testimony. He wrote it down in a small notebook.

As the witness became accustomed to the courtroom, his testimony became more rapid; and, as the reporter became accustomed to his drawl, his pencil moved faster. Finally, out of breath, the witness stopped.

"Please, sir," he said. "Don't write so fast. I can't keep up with that pencil!" — ARTHUR E HARVEY,
Reader's Scope.

" "

Teacher: Johnny, who was Anne Boleyn?

Johnny: Anne Boleyn was a flat iron.

Teacher: What on earth do you mean?

Johnny: Well, it says here in the history book "Henry, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."—*Transit News*, hm, Indpls Ry Co.

The husband picked up a newly framed portrait of his wife from the grand piano, looked it over long and carefully, replaced it, picked it up once more, wiped off the glass with a pocket handkerchief, and flicked an imaginary particle of dust from the gilt moulding.

His wife, impressed by the strange emotion reflected in his face, slipped an arm around his shoulder and whispered, "Sweetheart, I didn't know you cared that much."

"You're darned right I care," he repl'd. "Imagine those dirty crooks charging \$23.85 for a cheap picture frame like that!" — H J HIGDON,
Phoenix Flame.

" "

A freshman's wristwatch had stopped ticking and he tried to find out what caused the trouble. Finally he took the back cover off it, and poked around the works. He found a dead bug.

"No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer is dead."—*Canning Trade*.

" "

"Pat," said the 5th grade teacher, in an arithmetic review, "how many make a million?"

And the experienced and realistic Pat promptly repl'd: "Very few."—*Carbon Copy*.

" "

"Does the doctor think your wife will live, Mr Jones?"

"Danged if I know."

"Well, didn't he tell you what her chances are?"

"Well, he told me to be prepared for the worst, and danged if he hasn't got me guessing."—*Swanson Newsette*.

" "

They had reached a scene in "Oklahoma!" where a mbr of the cast says "Hand me a gun, I'll shoot the skunk."

Shortly after the lines were spoken, the aroma of skunk filled the auditorium. Seems that an automobile had killed one just outside the door.—*U P*.

" "

Hubby wandered in at 0300, after a glorious evening. In a few min's, a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. Wife looked into the room and discov-

SNORING: Sheet music. — *Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*.

" "

The 2 critical periods in a man's life are when his voice changes and when his choice changes. — NORM LIND, *Talk*.

" "

She's been to Reno so often, she's a little swap-worn. — JACK CARTER, quoted by EARL WILSON, *Syndicated col*.

" "

Intuition is suspicion in skirts.— VAUGHN MONROE, *radio program*.

" "

Kiss: Nothing divided by 2. — *Peninsular Light*, hm, Peninsular Life Ins Co.

" "

Many things are opened by mistake — but none so frequently as one's mouth.—*Fourteener*.

" "

It costs something to reach for the check and pay it, but it gets you home at a reasonable hr. — WM FEATHER, *Enos Mag*, hm, Enos Coal Mining Co.

ered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing," she exclaimed.

"G'way! G'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Somebody's locked up in the safe and I've forgotten the combination!" — *Camp Lee Traveler*.

" "

"No, no!" said the mother hastily, as the bride started to cover her pantry shelves with newspapers. "Leftover wallpaper, brown paper, paper bags, if you like—anything but newspapers!"

"Why?" demanded the bride.

"Do you want everybody to know when you cleaned your shelves last?" inq'd the experienced housewife.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

MINING THE MAGAZINES



Hate Is Impractical!—STRICKLAND GILLILAN, *Rotarian*, 12-'47.

Hate is a luxury no one can afford. In the ordinary span of a busy human life—from the crib to the crematory, the layette to the layout—there isn't time or energy to do all the useful and necessary things we should. So why should we waste any of our precious ergs or emotions on such a super-useless thing as hating?

The man who hates reminds me of a village drunkard. While he was in a deep sleep, a wag anointed his unshorn upper lip with Limburger cheese. Ignorant of what had been done but knowing all was not well, the sot wandered frantically about the town, weeping copiously.

"The whole darn world is rotten," he sobbed.

The hater carries the noxious stuff right with him wherever he goes. Look at the plight of the world today! It is a hate-filled globe. Hate is the gangrene, the malignant streptococcus bug, the colon bacillus that is septicizing the blood of humanity. Stop hate, and universal peace would arrive instantly and automatically.

But before we sneer at diplomats or condemn them for failures, let's be sure we've learned how to extirpate hate in our own lives. Will power helps—but the best way I know is to drain off into other channels the energy we would devote to hating.

Take a quick glance over your memories. Search your mind till you begin glowingly to remember the friend who came to you once when your back was against the wall . . . There was that teacher, now lonely and old, who saw in you promise that others did not. And the neighbor who took care of your sick wife and small children

during your absence. Surely you haven't forgotten the boy who found your wallet and ret'd it with every penny still in it?

It's a thousand-to-one probability that you're far behind in thankfulness and appreciation for the kindnesses rec'd. From which of your moral creditors would you embezzle time to hate?

Here is an appropriate thought for every day of the New Yr: "When inclined to work up a triple-plated hatred for somebody, just pause, count 10—and think. If hate still lingers, sit down and write a letter to that half-forgotten man or woman who gave you a lift when you needed it the most!"

" "

Gen'l Patton's Prayer

Gen'l Geo S Patton's prayer for aid to turn the tide of the Battle of the Bulge has never before been published. Thousands of Third Army men believe the Lord worked a true modern miracle in answer to Gen'l Patton's prayer. It was December, 1944, and the following is Patton's talk with his Highest Commander:

"Sir, this is Patton talking. The last 14 days have been straight hell. Rain, snow, more rain, more snow — and I'm beginning to wonder what's going on in Your headquarters. Whose side are You on?"

"For 3 yrs my chaplains have been explaining this as a religious war. This, they tell me, is the Crusades all over again, except that we're riding tanks instead of chargers. They insist we are here to annihilate the German Army and the godless Hitler so that religious freedom may return to Europe.

"Up until now I have gone along with them, for You have given us Your unreserved co-operation.

"But now, Sir, I can't help but feel that I have offended You in

some way. That suddenly You have lost all sympathy with our cause. That You are throwing in with von Rundstedt and his paper-hanging god. You know without me telling You that our situation is desperate.

"Sure, I can tell my staff that everything is going according to plan, but there's no use telling You that my One Hundred First Airborne is holding out against tremendous odds in Bastogne, and that this continual storm is making it impossible to supply them even from the air.

"Sir, I can't fight a shadow. Without Your co-operation from a weather standpoint, I am deprived of an accurate disposition of the German Armies, and how in hell can I be intelligent in my attack?"

"Sir, I have never been an unreasonable man. I am not going to ask You for the impossible. I do not even insist upon a miracle, for all I request is 4 days of clear weather so my planes can fly.

"Give me 4 days of sunshine to dry this blasted mud, so that my tanks may roll, so that ammunition and rations may be taken to my hungry, ill-equipped infantry.

"I am sick of this unnecessary butchery of American youth, and in exchange for 4 days of fighting weather, I will deliver You enough Krauts to keep Your bookkeepers months behind in their work. Amen."—Abridged from *True Magazine*.

This WACKY WORLD

Punch, British humor magazine, noting American women's ret'n to Victorian style dresses: "It looks like another coast-to-coast hook-up."

" "

Ad in *Yukon* (Okla) *Sun*: "For sale—'28 or '29 model pickup. Runs like lightning, sounds like thunder, looks like a tornado, price like a volcano; \$175 cash."

